



LETTER-WRITING DIRECTIONS.

Write on one side of paper only. Do not use letters too long. Address all letters to "Aunt Busy," Intermountain Catholic.

DOLLY TAKEN TO THE DOCTOR.

"My dolly's very ill, sir. Dear doctor, please to tell me what to do to make her get quickly strong and well." "She certainly looks pale, ma'am, and needs the greatest care. And I should recommend, ma'am, a thorough change of air."

AFTER HOLY COMMUNION.

I thank thee, Lord, for thy great gift to-day. Keep thou my wayward thoughts: so prone to stray. From thy dear presence, down the worldly way. Cold is this home, my Savior, and so cold. Yet still I pray thee, tarry with thy store. And leave me higher than I was before. Remember, Lord, I had not dared to come To this great banquet of thy love, where I am most worthy found; but thou hast won My poor acceptance by thy sweet command. O wonderful favor! only God had planned A bridge that so hath earth and heaven spanned. Sweet Lord Divine! Thy glory all concealed. This latest here; my need to thee revealed. Say but the word, leave all my sorrows healed.

AUNT BUSY HAS HER SAY.

Dear Nieces and Nephews: Aunt Busy is still waiting to hear from her children about what they would do with \$1,000. She will keep this question open just two weeks longer, and then she will have a new question for you. She hopes to hear from all of the girls and boys who have not yet written on this subject.

AUNT BUSY.

St. Louis, Mo., May 18. Dear Aunt Busy: I thought I would write to you and let you know what I would do with \$1,000. I would give some to the poor and some to the hospital, to the church, and to my mother, and I would keep the rest until I would be old enough to know how to spend it. Your loving niece,

MARY QUINN.

A dear niece from St. Louis! Aunt Busy is pleased, indeed, to welcome her new niece. She thinks your letter very sensible. Indeed, Mary, Aunt Busy hopes to hear from you very often for the future.

BUREKA SPRINGS, KAN., MAY 13.

Dear Aunt Busy: This is my first letter to you, Aunt Busy. I am 9 years old and I go to school every day. I study hard and am a pretty good boy so far. I have a lovely old grandma and I love her very dearly. Have you ever had a grandma, Aunt Busy? I give her all my love. Your loving nephew,

FRED LINK.

Yes, indeed, Fred, Aunt Busy had the lovely grandma, but she died long since. Aunt Busy is pleased to welcome to the ranks her new nephew. Aunt Busy is delighted to find so many new nephews coming in constantly.

SALT LAKE CITY, MAY 15.

Dear Aunt Busy: This is my first letter to you. I go to school every day and am in the fifth reader. I expect to give my first holy communion in a few days. Well, good bye, Aunt Busy. Your loving niece,

ANNIE ELYNN.

Come right along, Annie. You are now welcome. After I make you some holy communion, Aunt Busy will be glad if you will write a brief account of the ceremonies attending the event. Write soon again.

The New Latin Teacher.

It was five minutes before 9 by the clock in the Latin recitation room of Miss Cranmer's school for girls. The room was pleasant and airy, and the windows, but there was little morning light reflected in the faces of the group of chattering girls who made up the senior class in Latin. They were all dressed in their best, and the little Latin teacher, Miss Field, who would appear in five minutes and begin the most dreaded recitation of the day. Miss Field had been at the school for only a few weeks, and, although she was liked by the younger girls, the Latin seniors had shown themselves not easily pleased, and did not hesitate to express their opinions freely at home and abroad.

"Well," said a dainty maiden, with a fluffy light pompadour of marionette hair, "the thing I can't stand about Miss Field is the way she does her hair. She might try to look a little less like a fright for the sake of other people. If for nothing more."

"And did you ever see anything like the way her skirts hang," added a girl who was playing in the dignity of her first long gown. "I guess she makes them herself. They look it."

"I could endure that," said another. "I don't have to see her any other time except during recitations, but I can't endure the lesson she gives. Did you ever see anything so detestable as that Latin prose we had for today? I

believe she stays wake nights trying to find passages that are full of subterfuges and indirect questions, and everything else peculiar. Oh, the girls who aren't going to college don't know what they are missing in not studying Latin!"

"How about Cicero, Cicero?" inquired another. "We have a beautiful lesson to begin a new book with. I haven't half translated mine. What do you think of it, Janet?" Janet Wetherell was a tall, fine-looking girl, with beautiful, wavy brown hair, sparkling brown eyes and fresh pink cheeks that were good to see. She was the acknowledged leader of her "set," and whatever Janet Wetherell said was sure to carry influence.

Janet, now her sweet mouth curved into a hard little smile, and she said: "I found Cicero rather interesting. I'll tell you how I did it. After I was started and found out what it was all about, I just supplied Miss Field's name where the old gentleman said 'Cataline,' and it expressed my feelings so exactly that I wanted to keep on and see what came next. Just listen, girls!" she opened her book and began in a high, oratorical tone: "How long, Miss Field, will you abuse our patience? How long will your madman's mood last? Whether is your uncontrolled audacity ending in a temporal O mors! The whole school sees this! Miss Cranmer sees it. Nevertheless, she lives! Lives!"

The burst of laughter that rose from the girls interrupted her, and one said: "Janet knows her lesson, anyway, and that is more than the rest of us can say of ourselves. Sh-sh—here she comes!"

A sudden silence fell on the class, and they hastened to their seats as a sweet-faced, though tired-looking, girl, not very many years older than the pupils themselves, seated herself at the teacher's desk.

"She looks glumter than ever," whispered Janet, in a tone rather louder than she had intended. Miss Field flushed painfully, but she said very quietly: "Miss Fairfax, will you please begin the translation?" Miss Fairfax, the little lady with the pompadour, rose, and with a scornful expression, stumbled through the first few sentences. So the recitation dragged on as so many of them had dragged before, with but an occasional slight to lighten the heaviness of the half-prepared lessons and unsympathetic minds. After a length of time that seemed interminable, the bell rang, and the girls rushed for the door.

When Miss Field was over for the day and Janet Wetherell reached home, she went upstairs to her mother's sitting room with a determined look on her face. "What's the trouble, Janet?" said Mrs. Wetherell, putting aside her sewing. Mrs. Wetherell was an ideal mother, with ever-ready sympathy and enthusiasm to give her children; a mother who was her big son's college mate, went to football games and entertained homelike boys and girls in a way that made them adore her. The girls found her especially good to have around when they were tangled to be straightened.

"Well, mother, it is just this way. I want you to go right to Miss Cranmer and tell her that Miss Field is not the proper person to teach Latin, and that we must have some one else. We can't endure that teacher another minute. It isn't just I alone, mother; the whole class says the same thing."

"Does she lose her temper, dear?" "Why—no—not that, exactly. It isn't what she says and does, it's what she doesn't say and do. She is so provokingly quiet about things, and the lesson she gives. All that grammar and those stupid syntax questions!"

"Really, Janet," said Mrs. Wetherell, serenely, "Miss Field is not to blame for this. There is nothing very exciting about it, however you study it. She is trying to get you girls ready to take your entrance examinations, and a hard time she has of it. I am thinking, now, Janet, I want you to do an errand for me. I have a book that I want you to take to Miss Field. Janet's brown eyes opened wide.

"What book?" "The book that I met Miss Field on her way to school this morning and had a little talk with her. Something suggested the book, and I promised to send it."

"Why, of course," said Janet, slowly. "I could give it to her and she stays and give the book to the person at the door. What book is it?"

"One of Hamilton Mabie's," said Mrs. Wetherell.

"Oh, mother, I know she'll not care the least bit about anything like that. You don't know her. I don't think she likes anything about Roman antiquities and archaeology, and—"

"Mrs. Wetherell looked amused, but said only: "You will find the book on the table."

Janet put on her coat and tam o'shanter, took the book and went down the street to the old-fashioned house where Miss Field stayed with her two dignified maiden ladies. As Janet lifted the heavy knocker an uncomfortable feeling crept over her, with a warm beat, and it just now occurred to her that even if Miss Field was a "hardened old fossil," as Betty Fairfax had expressed it, she would find it rather odd to see a girl of her own age and her own sex knock on her door.

"The first to the right."

Janet was about to say that she could not stay, but she remembered that she could stay, and she detested the "society" as she called them, so she went upstairs and with beating heart knocked on Miss Field's door.

The door opened and it would be hard to say which of the two standing there she was the more surprised.

Miss Field wore a soft blue house gown. The offending hair was tied in a bun, and she looked startled. "I am back in little curls on my neck. I am so glad to see you," she said cordially. "Come right in. Do take off your things and stay with me awhile." Janet allowed her hat pins to be gently withdrawn, and the tam o'shanter and

coat to be taken off. Before she knew it she found herself seated in the midst of a heap of fluffy pillows on a low couch. The dazed feeling which had come over her when she first saw Miss Field in the doorway had rather lessened than left her. She had imagined that Miss Field lived in a classic apartment, adorned only by pictures of Roman worthies, but there was not a trace of ancient Rome in this cheery little room with the dainty water colors and Janet's own favorite picture by Guido Reni.

Meanwhile Miss Field talked and showed pictures of the little brother whom she sorely missed, and of the mother who was seriously ill. There were pictures of college work and fun. All the while Janet's cheeks flushed with shame when she remembered that that very morning she had called Miss Field "glum." Glum, and her mother was slowly dying!

Janet's quick perception gathered that Miss Field had earned her education herself, and it had been hard. They talked of school and school work, and finally of Latin. "I am so anxious that you should learn to think," Janet said before Janet rose to go she felt her last trace of prejudice vanish, and she saw how much Miss Field and the girls could do for each other.

That visit was the beginning of one of the most helpful friendships of Janet's life. Where Janet led, the girls quickly followed. None of them meant to be unkind; they were only girls, with girl faults, and when Janet told them how wrongly they had judged, there was a quick change in attitude and result. The difference in the interest in Latin was marvelous, but most important of all, the girls were brought to realize the noble character of Miss Field and to be strengthened by her influence.—Forward.

Scandal.

Some girls were asked by one of the examiners of a school whether they knew the meaning of the word "scandal." One little girl stepped forward, and holding her hand up, attracted the notice of the examiner. He desired her to answer the question, upon which she uttered these memorable words: "Nobody does nothing, and everything goes on telling of it everywhere."

Bishop Spalding on Success.

In a masterly discourse Bishop Spalding recently laid down the laws of success. He told his audience that success lies in working at the thing in which you wish to succeed.

It lies in never tiring of doing, in repeating and in never ceasing to repeat; in toiling, in waiting, in heart-expressing, in watching and in heart-experimenting, in filling back on one's self by reflection, turning the thought over and over, and about the mind and vision, acting and again upon it; this is the law of growth. The secret is to do, to do now; not to look away at all.

That is the great illusion and delusion; we look away to what life will be to us in ten years and in twenty years; we look to other surroundings. The surrounding is nothing, or, rather, it is everything, for it is not work except in the actual environment. If you do not work where you are, where will you work? If you do not work now, when will you work? There is nothing for us but here and now.

SORRY FOR HIS COUSIN.

A Story Credited to Eugene Field. (New York Times.)

In the last months of his life Eugene Field was an invalid and suffered particularly and abnormally from anything like cold weather. From any-thing like cold weather. From any-thing like cold weather. From any-thing like cold weather.

One morning he came down to the breakfast table looking the picture of despair.

"I had a terrible dream last night," he said, addressing Mrs. Henry Field. "You must not tell it before breakfast," she replied: "It is bad luck."

"Oh, well," said Field, "it might have been worse. I dreamed that Henry, my husband, had died, and when I approached the gates of heaven he found St. Peter sitting there with the key and the great book. As he was about to enter the pearly gates he was stopped and he looked you up and entered before he entered there must be an investigation to see whether his name was in the great book or not. 'But who are you?' asked St. Peter."

"Oh, Eugene Field! Well, walk right in!"

"No, unfortunately, not Eugene Field, but a cousin of his—Henry Field."

"Well, then," said St. Peter, "I must examine the book." And after an inspection, he said: "I am sorry, Mr. Field, but I do not find your name here, and you cannot enter. You must go below."

"And so he scuttled away and went down below. There he found the golden-winged angels and all dressed in red. He was about to push his way in without ceremony when he was stopped, and this guardian angel said: 'I must know whether your name is on our book before you can enter.' 'But it surely is,' said Field. 'I was refused admission up above and I must go in here.'"

"No," said his Satanic Majesty, after examining his register; "I don't find it."

"Great heavens!" said Field, "must I go back and live in Alamogordo?"

Heard Nordica.

Mme. Nordica, the Catholic opera singer, sang at Grays' armory, Cleveland, Ohio, on Monday night of last week, and charged part of her audience only 10 cents each for admission. The 20 girls in Charles E. Elwell & Co.'s waist factory have a spacious hall for entertainments, and a committee wrote to Mme. Nordica, saying the girls would like to hear her sing, but could not afford it. They asked if she wouldn't call at the factory and sing them a song. "Just one, please," Mme. Nordica's representative appeared at the factory on Saturday and told the girls that she was extremely sorry because of her inability to oblige them, but that she invited them all to the concert at Grays' armory where, if they made themselves known at the door, they would be admitted at the nominal charge of 10 cents. The girls attended in a body.

It ordinarily happens that God permits those who judge others to fall into the same or even greater faults.

The Two Brothers. By Orestes H. Brownson.

Controversial Dialogue Between a Presbyterian and His Catholic Brother, and Its Sequel.

In closing the debate last week John shows his brother, James Milwood, the nature and efficacy of the sacrament of baptism. He corrects the erroneous idea that water and the words "I baptize you in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost" were the efficient cause of regeneration, since none but the Holy Ghost can regenerate the child. In this week's dialogue the brothers apply their reasoning powers to the "cultus sanctorum," which means the worship of the saints. James opens the controversy by seeking for more light on John's explanation of the regeneration of the soul by the Holy Ghost. He asks the question:

"If it is the Holy Ghost which regenerates, why can he not regenerate without the water and the words, as well as with them?"

"That is a question which does not fall within the jurisdiction of the law of nature. You and I have no right to call Almighty God to an account, and to ask him, Why do you so?"

"But how does the church know that the Holy Ghost regenerates in baptism?"

"That is a question which pertains to positive revelation, and not to the natural law. The revelation is her authority for what she asserts, concerning the efficacy of the sacrament, and, if it is not contradictory to natural reason, the natural law enacts nothing."

"There are other sacraments?"

"Certainly, but all are founded on the same principle, and are not the efficient cause of grace, but the media through which the Holy Ghost communicates the graces which our Lord, by his own infinite merits, has purchased for us."

"But anybody can receive the sacrament, whatever his internal disposition may be. The efficacy of the sacrament does not depend on the recipient."

"Anybody can receive the sacrament externally; but nobody can receive any spiritual benefit from it, unless he receives it with proper internal disposition. He who should approach the sacrament of penance, for instance, without all you understand by repentance, and without the intention of receiving the sacrament, only profane it, and add to his guilt. In the sacrament of the Eucharist, he who eats or drinks unworthily eats and drinks condemnation to himself. The efficacy of the sacrament does not, indeed, depend on the recipient, but it may operate its effects, or that it may operate its effects in him, he must take care that he is not interrupted by his malice no obstacle to its operation."

"But what is the use of your saint worship?"

"It is not precisely the question. 'The worship, if useless, is idle or vain, and, therefore, superstitious. You must, then, prove that it is not useless, or you do not clear your church of the charge of worshiping the dead.'"

"You must prove from the light of nature that it is useless, or you do not sustain your charge against her. You must prove, in watching and the burden of proof is on you."

"I accuse the church of superstition; and I adduce as proof of my accusation the worship of the saints, which she authorizes."

"But you cannot adduce your accusation in proof of your accusation. The cultus sanctorum is incoherent to be authorized by the church, and the very point in dispute is, whether that is or is not superstitious. It is only on the assumption that it is, that you can conclude from it that the church is superstitious. To assume that it is superstitious is to assume what is in question, which you are not permitted to do. You must, therefore, since the point is denied, prove that the cultus sanctorum is useless, or that it is not superstitious, or that it can affirm nothing to your purpose."

"But I must have affirmative proof that it is useful, before I can reasonably assent to it."

"Nothing more true; but the authority of the church suffices for that, unless you can divest her of her authority."

(To be Continued.)

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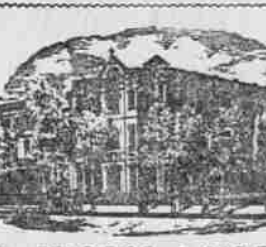
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